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ON THE
DISTANT VIEW
OF
FRANCE,
FROM
DOVER CLIFF,
IN THE YEAR 1789.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, IN PALL-MALL.
1790.
(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

27.861.130

Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
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JOHN JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
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O D E, &c.

GENIUS of France ! thy misty shore
From Albion's rocky verge I trace,
As, high above the billowy rear,
I dart my view thro' subject space.
Thron'd on this Cliff's embattled brow,
I seem the lord of all below ;
And while tumultuous passions boil,
I gaze indignant on thy crouching soil.

Has not old Ocean's ruthless force
Torn thee from favour'd Britain's side?
And here, with well-directed course,
Still rolls he not his barrier tide?
Yes! his dividing waves design'd
To give this lesson to mankind—
'Tis Nature's voice—'tis Heaven's decree—
" Britain! alone be great, alone be free."

Warm'd with the thought, my fancy dreams
Of all the mighty deeds of old,
When Britain rous'd to martial themes
Her monarch's stern, her warriors bold.
I hear from off this airy steep
Her thunder rattle o'er the deep;
See in the field her fire display'd,
And mark the withering lilly droop and fade!

Then

Then proudly turn my mental eye
 On scenes of council, scenes of peace,
 Where Freedom lifts her voice on high,
 And bids each tyrant passion cease.
 Illustrious isle! let circling Fame
 Thy just pre-eminence proclaim!
 In clashing arms, in sage debate,
 Alike supremely brave, supremely great.

Such flattering visions sooth my soul,
 Elanc'd from this aerial height,
 No narrow bounds her range controul,
 No power restrains her daring flight.
 Say, what awakes the eagle's fire?
 —The pride his towering haunts inspire:
 He wheels around his favourite stand,
 And scowls contempt on every distant land.

Hush'd

Hush'd be the haughty strain!--a sound
 Of maddenning joy bursts on my ear!
 From shore to shore its echoes bound--
 'Tis new-born Freedom's voice I hear!
 Arous'd--at Superstition's death,
 In Gallia's womb she pants for breath!
 Fresh shouts announce the finish'd strife--
 She breaks her bands--she springs to life!

Transporting sounds!--they check my pride,
 My flatt'ring visions melt away:
 At Wisdom's nod my vaunts subside,
 I own her just, impartial sway.
 Around the world may Freedom's note
 On Ocean's wavy bosom float:
 May rapid gales its spirit bear,
 Till every distant tribe the blessing share.

Enlighten'd

Enlighten'd France! no more I view
 With cold contempt thy glittering coast;
 To active worth is honour due—
 Th' unfetter'd slave has cause to boast.
 Henceforth ev'n Britain's splendid name
 Can no superior lustre claim;
 Nor singly now shall dart its rays,
 But blend with thine in Freedom's spreading blaze.

Enough of war, of proud disdain—
 The selfish thought, the taunting jest,
 Absurd distinction, preference vain,
 Be banished from the liberal breast!
 Ye swell'd the list of human woes!
 Ye made of France and Britain foes,
 Taught each to scorn its neighbouring state,
 And thwart its views with unremitting hate.

Malignant shadows ! hence, away !

Hie to some dark, unletter'd shore,

Behold the dawn of Reason's day !---

Britain and France contend no more.

In Freedom's cause, from age to age,

Shall both with equal warmth engage,

Pursue the same exalted plan,

To vindicate on earth the Rights of Man.

FINIS.